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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT asks, What is cant, and answers that it is "saying true things without the truth in them, repeating phrases which were once alive, with no life in them. . . . Cant is like the shell of last year's insect. It was alive once, but now the life has flown away, and only the empty shell is left." He adds very truly, that there may be cant even in silence, and that he has been sensible of its presence in a Friends' meeting.

IT was supposed that internal evidence was sufficiently strong and damaging to relieve every one but the actual writer of the series of nondescript papers entitled, "Pencilings," from the responsibility of their authorship; but it seems that hope was unfounded. Surprise deepens, mingled on the writer's part with a flattered feeling, at the charge which has placed this responsibility at the door of the senior editor, trying to rest and recuperate for another season's labors in the woods, and whose efforts in this direction should not be [illegible] this manner. To [illegible] ways to con- [illegible] of a friend in dis- [illegible] the remaining numbers in this important series will appear above the writer's initials, that the guilty alone may suffer for their misdeeds.

THE press articles on the death of Mrs. Mary T. H. Willard at Rest Cottage, Evanston, mother of Frances E. Willard, tell us that after three children were born to herself and husband, J. F. Willard, the two parents entered Oberlin College, taking the full course. After graduation in 1840, they moved in an emigrant wagon to Wisconsin and began pioneer life in the West. Qualities thus revealed in the parents help explain the energy, and devotion to high purposes which have animated the career of the distinguished daughter.

WE have as little sympathy as some of our orthodox exchanges with the criticism against the Christian Endeavor Society, which charges it, somewhat coarsely, with being a "courting agency." Certainly it is much more desirable that young men and women should find their lifemates while engaged in a common pursuit of earnest and dignified objects, compelling thoughtful and sincere discourse, than from the surroundings of gay and fashionable life. We would not go so far, however, as to commend the matrimonial bureau of General Booth, though its object be "to furnish unmarried men and women an opportunity to get acquainted with each other under religious surroundings instead of on the street." The motives may be excellent but the method is one that could easily suffer from many abuses.

A BRIEF account of the Deaconess Movement appears in the *North American Review*, from the pen of Miss M. F. Cusack, the Nun of Kenmare. This order is now regularly established in the Methodist Episcopal church. The regulations provide that a deaconess shall devote her time to works of mercy and charity, and that she shall give herself "exclusively" to her task. But though she can allow nothing to interfere with this work, she is at liberty to resign her position at any time. No vows are taken. The order is goverened by the Annual Conference and nine directors, three of whom are women. Such orders are not greatly helped, the writer thinks, by the establishment of costly homes, like the Mary Drexel at Philadelphia, which has not been a remarkable success. Workers are needed, not expensive buildings. Miss Cusack finds the origin of this movement in the work of Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer and her husband, of Chicago, who were for a long time principals of the Home and Foreign Missionary School in the city.

SO MUCH has been said about the connection of the Brownings with Spiritualism, that a letter, hitherto unpublished, of Mrs. Browning's which appears in the last *Arena* will be read with interest. The letter is to Dr. Marston, and is evidently written in reply to one from him giving some of his experiences in this line of investigation. In it Mrs. Browning speaks cautiously on the general subject, confirming to a degree the popular supposition that her own researches were discouraged by her husband whom, she says, "calls himself skeptical." She thinks that most of the attempted solutions to this kind of phenomena, which substitute some other agency than spirits for their production, are more difficult to explain than the rejected hypothesis. To most of these we have to say, "Solve the solution." She finds most help in the study of Swedenborg; wishes that an association of "earnest thinkers might meet regularly with unity of purpose and reverence of mood" to conduct experiments in this line; suggests that if there be difficulties on this side, so there may be on the other. Altogether, the letter shows a mind which, though not over-credulous, has the wish to believe, and is naturally inclined to the contemplation of the mystical and the spiritual.

REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY, who went from the Episcopal to the Universalist church a few years ago, has become an ardent student of Herbert Spencer. "Evolution," he writes, "settles the question of the atonement." It does this, he explains, by showing how ideas of sacrifice were naturally developed in all nations, leading inevitably to the adoption of some vicarious plan or theory, by which the guilty might profit by the innocence and holiness of some superior being. In his application of this rationalistic principle to the Christian doctrine of salvation, Mr. MacQueary falls into some of those inconsistencies of speech and phraseology which mark a transitional mental stage, but his thoughts in the main are clear, and tersely expressed; as when he says, "Salvation does not mean escape from a distant, burning prison, by reason of Christ's death, but means escape from sin."

A RECENT writer in the *Forum* confirms the dictum of Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," that the weakest spot in our republican system lies in the corruption and negligence attaching to the government of large cities. He contrasts this government with the manner of conducting large corporations, and says the reason why the latter is so much more satisfactory is that it is placed in the hands of those immediately interested. He urges that the management of municipal affairs be placed in the hands of those who have something at stake, and not left to irresponsible men who have only the spoils of office in mind, and have little either to gain or to lose. The point is well taken, but the difficulty, we suspect, will be found in trying to persuade another and better class of citizens to undertake this work. The trouble is, that it can be made to "pay" no one who has the wit or energy to earn a self-respecting maintenance outside. Only the idle and the dishonest find a means of profit in it.

WHILE Harvard is hesitating and looking out for a means of escape from the position in which she is placed by the recent action of the Divinity Alumni, asking that women be admitted to that department, English theological professors are replying to letters from young women, inquiring into ways and means of such study on the other side of the water, in the most gracious and encouraging terms. "Miss M. has just received a most cordial letter from Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter in regard to her entrance into Manchester New College," writes a friend in a private note. She adds the hope that there may be "a general exodus of women to English Divinity schools until Harvard grows ashamed of her conduct." Then in a parenthesis she wonders why we use the feminine pronoun in speaking of colleges. Doubtless in prophecy of their coming, long-delayed, but inevitable purpose. Symbolically, the world has always awarded women the highest intellectual recognition. The abstract qualities of wisdom, justice, etc., have always been personated in her figure. Soon she will have full chance to possess herself of the real substance, which these ideals have so long foreshadowed.

THE *Nation* writes in a commendatory vein of the unsectarian Divinity School at Boulder, a notice of which appeared in these columns last week, and thinks the enterprise the more noteworthy that it is undertaken in the West, "since denominational prejudices are always strongest in a new country." We were not aware of this, and think the statement contradicts both logic and the facts. We doubt if "denominational prejudices" are stronger in Colorado than in New York or Massachusetts, and see many reasons why the contrary should be true. Freedom is an essential characteristic of all "new countries," as the *Nation* is pleased to denote the entire West, and this freedom is nowhere more manifest than in religious matters. Indeed, this freedom has been and still continues the source of much complaint against us in the minds of our conservative eastern friends.

REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST has an interesting article in a recent number of the *Independent* on "The Baptism of High-Caste Men," in which we learn that though conversion from Brahmanism to Christianity is quite common among the higher classes in India, baptism, the sign of that conversion, is almost inevitably rejected by them. This is the final step in social degradation which the natives resent with many severe penalties. There is no means of recovering the caste thus lost. It is thought also that some remaining superstition, belief in the religion in which they were reared, makes these converts to a new creed hesitate to formally cast off all allegiance to their former faith. Mr. Pentecost raises the delicate question as to what should be done with these partially redeemed souls, and answers it rather diplomatically by counseling patience and a "tender charity." The advice is excellent, but we wonder if it springs entirely from humane motives; whether some slight perception of logical weakness in a religion requiring baptism may not be an active ingredient therein.

THE *Christian Leader*, commenting on the failure of Universalism to receive any recognition at the Christian Endeavor Convention, finds, nevertheless, something to soothe its "sectarian pride" in the reading of the reports; which show only an occasional and very ambiguous use of the word, salvation, though the term evangelical appears quite frequently. "The doctrine of unending doom" is not mentioned, which goes far to prove that though Universalism was not recognized, its principles animated the gathering. The temper of the convention was decidedly anti-orthodox, and the *Leader* professes itself "satisfied" with the result.

Many readers of Unity will learn, with us, with deep regret, of the death of Colonel John C. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, on the 6th inst. He had been very ill several weeks before his death, but it was still hoped he would recover, when the disease, abscess of the liver, grew worse, and he died after much suffering. Colonel Bundy is mainly known as the editor of the journal with which his name was for so many years associated, and which through him became the exponent of a fearless, honest and intelligent investigation of Spiritualism. Its courageous exposure of numerous frauds connected with that particular phenomena, made it feared and disliked by many, as it was praised and relied on by still others. In addition to his labors in this connection, Colonel Bundy was interested in all phases of liberal philosophy; he was a prominent member of the American branch of Psychical Research Society, and was made chairman of the World's Congress in that department to be held in Chicago in 1893. He was from childhood a resident of this city, or its near surroundings, a member of the Press Club, and other social and literary organizations. A large circle of friends will miss him and mourn his loss. Unity extends sincere sympathy to the surviving wife and daughter.

"The Next Step in Christianity."

The impending and most weighty problem of the New Theology, as it is called, is, after having given up all the characteristic doctrines of orthodoxy, to preserve the semblance of orthodoxy; how, after abandoning the Fall of Man, Total Depravity, a Personal Devil, and an Eternal Hell, to make and keep Jesus as the sole or central figure of religious faith! As Unitarians, we are free to say we do not think it can be done. After the scheme of the Atonement has gone to pieces under the influence of the higher criticism and scientific thought, we see no reason for attempting it. On the contrary, we see every reason for abandoning and opposing this view.

Again, as Unitarians, we regard Jesus as a man. Great and good as he may have been, we endow him with no supernatural powers, with no special commission from God to redeem the world. If in any sense he was a providential teacher of truth and leader of men, it is only in the same sense in which other leaders and teachers have risen to this office. That Jesus was infallible or sinless is a pure assumption. Being human, he was subject to human defects and limitations. The attempt therefore, to lift him beyond all comparison with other religious teachers, or to insist that all true believers must take his name, is an offence to millions of earnest lives.

Moreover, the facts of modern religious thought point to a very different conclusion as to the place which Jesus holds or is likely to hold in the future of the world's faith. The attempt to maintain a Christo-centric theology, to make Christ the center of faith or the motive of conduct, is being outgrown. It is the last refuge and stronghold of orthodoxy. We do not wonder that it is desperately defended. But loyalty to the person of Christ as the essential doctrine for the salvation of the soul, has long since passed out of the mind of the great mass of intelligent men. You have only to stop those you meet anywhere on the highways of our busy life and ask them what motives actuate them in their common life, in their working and trading, in their daily duties and trials, to find out that Jesus plays a very small part, consciously or unconsciously, in their calculations or convictions. They do not go to him as once men did, with their pursuits or their problems. They do not make the person or words or character of Jesus, the test or standard of their actions. He is too remote, unreal, ideal, or impracticable, for their constant and daily use. You may say it is all the worse for men if they do not not keep him in their thoughts, as they pore over their ledgers, plow their fields, plan World's Fairs, or sit in the circle of their homes. But the question is one of fact. Do men bring this Oriental man of two thousand years ago into their difficulties and into their affairs? And our reply is, *less and less*. Even if he is still emphasized in the pulpit and is the burden of the prayer-meeting, or if he were much more so than he is, the relations of life are preserved and sanctified by *moral laws* in no wise dependent on the words or deeds of Jesus—principles and laws older than Jesus, which produced him in fact, and which renew the sense of duty and trust in all generations.

God exists; and truth and duty as well as faith and love are found in all religions, and are not dependent upon any one. The soul itself makes revelations, hears voices, recognizes authority, finds obligations and sees with a light older than Christianity, and which will shine clear, though Christianity were discredited or forgotten.

What is true of Christianity is true of all other religions. All have helped humanity in their day and nation. But as special religions, depending for their efficiency upon some single human name or scheme of redemption, they must decrease; while one yet to come, greater than all, because bearing the name above every name, and the name common to all, must increase, until all worship will be one hymn of praise to the Highest, and all life one aim to do the Eternal Will.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is able to "conceive a Christianity without the hope of God" in it. This is the extreme to which the New Theology has come. But only when she can see a Christianity without Christ—that is, a religion so universal that no fallible earthly name shall monopolize or limit it—will she see the truth, which though not new, is yet to receive its proper emphasis, its full recognition. "Christianity without Christ," is that religion of duty and devotion, is that faith, hope and charity, is that truth, righteousness and love, which does not date from any man's birth or ministry, but has been realized in the best life of all religions. It is what we mean by the life of God in the soul of man, under whatever name, and which we need not be particular to name at all. This is for the healing of the nations.

Christolatry, in however mild a form, or the Christo-centric theory of religion, even this idealized Cæsarism of the churches, is already an anachronism to all advanced thought. There is no more hope for it in the future than for the geocentric or Ptolemaic system of astronomy. It is the one outpost of orthodoxy not yet abandoned. It is the umbilical cord still uncut which hinders religion, newborn, from entering upon a new and independent life.

We have but to go back to Emerson's *Address* of fifty years ago to find the ground of health, of hope, and of reason. Every Unitarian who does not know it by heart should read it every summer in the middle of the month of July. The ground of that discourse has not been discredited or weakened; nor is it likely to be. All rational inquiries and tendencies, science, literature, the higher criticism, comparative religion, point in the direction of Emerson's conclusions.

Jesus revered the eternal law of duty in man. "Boldly, with hand, and heart, and life, he declared it was God." As for historical Christianity, "it is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. It has dwelt, and dwells, with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus." "By this eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man." The language which describes Christ is unsuited to the life of to-day. It "paints a demigod as the Orientals or the Greeks would describe Osiris or Apollo." Under the creeds of the churches "even honesty and self-denial are but splendid sins, if they do not wear the Christian name. You must subordinate your nature to Christ's nature." There "is fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man." But the time is coming when all men will see that the gift of God to the soul is not a vaunting, overpowering, excluding sanctity, but a sweet, natural goodness,"—"an acquaintance at first hand with Deity." L.

Pencilings.

No month in the year has so distinct an individuality as August. This mellow sunshine covering the landscape with its yellow light, warm, but not not too warm, filling, not the eye alone, but the whole being, sense and spirit alike, with still dreamy happiness! It is the season of peace, and of Nature's triumph. July is full of strenuous energy; her intense heats are the sign of that fullness of life Nature feels while toiling still on the upward path of achievement. It makes the human animal gasp and pant, condemns him to sunstrokes and other fatal accidents, but the rest of the world thrives on these hot piercing rays. "It is good for the corn," we say, and wait patiently until the agony is relieved by that proverbial "cold wave," as sure to come as Christmas. What did people do before the Weather Bureau was established and the "cold wave" was discovered?

August exacts no contribution of patience and stolid endurance from us. On the contrary, her sole mission seems to be to appease and soothe. A fine golden haze hangs over all the outdoor prospect and over the mental perspective as well. We are dimly conscious of work to be done in the near future, of unsettled problems to be dealt with, of old vexations and worries to be met and mastered, if possible, a month or six weeks from now;—but not now. Not now. This delicious idleness that fills the atmosphere has gained rightful access too, for a few brief days, to heart and soul. We too partake of the season's rest and sense of fulfillment. No matter if science does tell us that the processes of growth and decay being always at work, one or the other, as soon as the life forces have climbed to the top in tree or animal, they begin without pause, the retrograde task of pulling down. August contradicts this, except to people of a melancholy turn who have an eye for those early harbingers of autumn and death, the first-falling leaves of midsummer. For myself, I prefer not to see them, to note only the full-leaved green that meets the eye on every side, the strong woody texture of the foliage that a few weeks ago was so fragile and tender, the strong deep hues of a summer, finished, and on trial before us.

"It is finished," are words that every heart must often speak to itself; when some new crisis of faith and effort has been met, some new turning-point in life reached. Happy, when these moral triumphs bring August's peace, and sense of just and quiet mastery over forces that u build or destroy, according to our u and understanding of them.

C. P. W.

Men and Things.

It is said that Olive Schreiner receiv sixty-five dollars for her "Story of an Af can Farm"!

A writer in *Puck* defines realistic fictio as that in which the author gives his cha acters his own virtues and his neighbor failings.

Mr. W. M. Evarts, referring at t time to the laying of the first Atlantic cabl remarked: "Columbus said, 'Here is o world—let there be two;' but Cyrus W Field said, 'Here are two worlds—let them b one.'"

The mountain region of East Tennesse has developed a girl preacher, in the pers of Fannie Edwards, fifteen years old. W echo the wish of the *Christian Advoca* that she may have sensible friends who wi see that she make wise use of her gifts.

Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, whos Concordance to Shakespeare was publishe in 1845, after the unremitting labor of si teen years, still lives, and is now eighty-tw years old. She spends her time in her vil in Genoa, and continues to write on her o subject with all her youthful enthusiasm.

Among other World's Fair items we rea that its machinery is to be put in motion b the pressure of a button in Spain. It is sa that the Marquis de Veragna, the only livin descendant of Columbus, is too old to com to this country to perform the ceremony starting the machinery, but a connection to be made through the trans-Atlantic cab so that he may do it at home.

A story is told of a very seedy individua with his trousers wore thin behind and b fore, who appeared one day in the office of the late Gen. C. B. Fisk and laid claim t his charity on the ground that they we both Methodists. "O yes," said the ge eral, after looking at him for a moment, "see you are a Methodist. You have th marks. You wore out your trousers at th knees praying, and you wore them out b hind backsliding."

The Boston *Civil Service Record* and th Baltimore *Civil Service Reformer* have bee merged in a single publication, which is t be known as *Good Government*, and whic is to represent and carry on the work of bot the older journals. This action is in accor ance with a resolution adopted at the Balt more meeting of the National Civil Servic Reform League, in April. The office of th new publication is in the Corcoran Buildin Washington, D. C.

An attractive feature in the Departme of Literature at Columbia College during th coming year will be a new course by Profe sor George E. Woodbury on the "Histor and Methods of Literary Criticism: Aristotl Horace, Quintilian, Sidney, Boileau, Les ing, Coleridge." Professor Brander Ma thews will also deliver a course of lectur on the "Development of Prose Fiction," i which he will trace the story-teller's art fro its beginning to the present day.

As an example of the degree of unde standing which orthodoxy is apt to reac concerning the work of religious radicalism take the following comment of the Englis *Church Review*: "The Free Religious As sociation, an outgrowth of Radical Unita ianism, but too radical for the Unitarian has been holding its annual meeting i Boston. The only church that was doin the work in which their Association believe was the church of the Rev. M. J. Savag Mr. F. E. Abbott said that no church coul be free under the Christian flag."

A late survivor of Balaklava, and "th charge of the light brigade," has bee found in Thomas Morley, of Washingto an employé in the War Department. M Morley joined the Seventeenth Lancers i 1849, and it was in October, 1854, that th terrible slaughter of the "valley of death occurred, which he describes graphically i one of the secular press. He wears tw medals, one from the Queen and one fro the Sultan. Mr. Morley also wears th Grand Army badge, coming to the Unite States in 1862 and joining the Union rank He was captured twice by the enemy, an served a year in Libby Prison.

The *Boston Budget* finds proof of a ba habit, carried even to greater excess by o Puritan ancestors than in the present day, i an old statute, regulating, if not actuall prohibiting, the use of tobacco on the Lord day. A law of 1669 reads: "It is enacte that any person or persons that shall b found smoking of tobacco on the Lord Day, going to or coming from the meeting within two miles of meeting-house, sha pay twelve pence for every such default. Under this law several persons were actual fined, but the punishment failed to secu the carrying out of the arbitrary secon portion of the enactment.

Contributed and Selected.

In Our Day.

lumbus minds with dreams of fate,
ll on earth's kings with patience wait;
ey try the court, the church, the crowd,
t their high hopes are disallowed;
ey plead for continents to be,
ey ask our aid to cross the sea,
d we despise their beck'ning good,
eir broader sense of brotherhood:
d when at last they fare afar,
e have no care where'er they are;
e can not see, like them of old,
ew worlds await the pure and bold!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Malden, Mass.

George Meredith.

It is extraordinary that so brilliant light as George Meredith should ave remained hid beneath a bushel or such a long period of time. Born n 1828, he was bringing out novels ontemporaneously with George Eliot, nd yet he has excited scarcely any omment or interest until very recent imes.

It is impossible to find much about Meredith as a man, even now, but Meredith as a novelist is becoming a vell known figure in the literary world, and is acknowledged by many at the present day to be the most brilliant of living novelists, if not the most popular. He will never be a popular writer. There is not enough of the imaginative in his work. He does not entertain his reader with exciting and unusual incidents; and he is quite devoid of spontaneous humor. One never laughs with the author—though one is often tempted to laugh at his expense; for however much his genius may be admired, it is necessary to admit that, in his constant striving after vividly original effects, he occasionally perpetrates something which is absurd to the extent of being ludicrous. There is no moralizing in his books, as in those of George Eliot and many others. He has taken no novelist or form of novel as a model, but has simply aimed to represent life itself, and his books are an earnest searching study of life and of people.

His style, though often unusually striking and powerful, is open to much criticism. The taste of the present day demands artistic simplicity, and in Meredith this is not to be found. His is not the euphuistic style of Johnson and Pope, but is something which arises from a desire to avoid that which is commonplace. Where he uses cumbrous or exaggerated forms of expression, it is in order to convey some additional idea, not to make a high-sounding sentence. Often his writing becomes very artificial, but in general it is original and suggestive, and to one who enjoys him, delightful. One needs to become accustomed to this peculiar manner of expression, in order to appreciate him fully, as is necessary with Wagner's music.

The most wonderful thing in Meredith's novels is his delineation of character. It is not simply a physical description. We are not allowed merely to become acquainted with the characters superficially, as they would probably impress people in real life. He shows them in such a light that we know them through and through. His heroes are nearly all weak men, who make a good appearance in the world and are thought well of, yet are shown by the analytical pen of the novelist to have few qualities truly worthy of admiration. They are fair samples of the men about us, but they seem much more contemptible in print than in reality.

His creative powers are displayed, however, to their greatest extent, in the portrayal of his heroines. Indeed he is considered to have no superior but Shakespeare in this direction. Three among them are especially famous, Diana of the Crossways, and Sandra Belloni—whose names have been given to the books in which they appear—and Clara Middleton, the heroine of the Egoist. These three characters differ in individuality, and yet possess much in common. They are all women of strong true feelings,—and Meredith is grand in his description of feelings. They are all thoroughly warm-hearted, capable of making mistakes, of committing indiscretions, and at the same time there is something almost ethereal about them.

Sandra Belloni is the woman of feelings and passions without intellect or culture. She is spontaneous, light-hearted and lovable, with a good deal of the artist in her nature. Diana of the Crossways resembles her in many respects, but is more powerful intellectually. She is almost the ideal intellectual woman—sparkling in conversation, broad in culture, and thoroughly sympathetic and womanly. It is like losing a friend to finish the story, and to awake to the realization that she only exists between the covers of a book.

Clara Middleton has less genius than Diana, but is nearly as charming. Starting out in life as a society woman, she does not by any means allow the social world to think for her. She is independent in thought and action, and always true to herself. The Egoist, Sir Willoughby Patterne, is her accepted lover, one who is most highly esteemed by people in general. He is a man who would have been entirely satisfactory to a girl of a less analytical mind than that of Clara Middleton—but she sees him as he is. Her soul revolts against him, and the entire plot of the story treats of her endeavors to free herself from a man who has such an exalted opinion of himself that he can not imagine her being unwilling to marry him. One who does not enjoy reading about moods and feelings, about the working of minds and of the phases of human souls will hardly enjoy this book, but it is certainly wonderful as a psychological novel. Meredith's men are so described as to create a desire for something better, while his women, on the other hand, are such as to inspire emulation.

Probably the greatest of Meredith's novels, or at least, the one which is only rivaled by Diana of the Crossways, is Richard Feverel. This is the history of several interesting people, but of none especially striking. The charm of this book lies in the manner in which the writer presents a rather ordinary love story. The incidents are not unusual, but the book has nothing of the stereotyped form which characterizes most love stories. In reading the book one can not fail to experience all that the lovers experience. It is strong, fiery, intense. One is not simply told so, but is made to feel it. It is due to the subtle power of the novelist, a power peculiar to him. The style of the writing may be artificial, but what it conveys is wonderfully real. The heroine is dangerously near the common type of book heroines, but what there is in her is brought out very strongly and vividly, and she is so sweet and true, that one's interests are all for her when her young husband—who is much her superior intellectually—loses his head over a fascinating creature with brains, but without principle, and for the time forgets his devoted wife. The closing pages of the book are steeped in tragedy of the most harrowing nature. It is due to the art of the writer, not to the facts of the story, that the ending is so extremely painful. It might be questioned whether a novelist is justified in working upon the reader's feelings to quite such an extent as is done in this book. Carlyle remarked to his wife after reading Richard Feverel, "The man is no fool;" from him a rather high compliment.

The novels to which I have alluded are probably the grandest of his works, but all of his writings are of intense interest to his admirers, though correspondingly dull to those who do not enjoy him. Evan Harrington, Harry Richmond and Rhoda Fleming are the best known of those which remain.

His books are stamped by the author throughout. There is no novelist who writes like him, though now that he is becoming fashionable he will probably have many imitators. It is only within five or six years that people have really begun to read his books. One of his advocates, in a recent essay, complains that wherever she mentioned George Meredith, even in the best literary circles in England, the response would invariably be, "O, you mean Owen Meredith." This could not occur at the present time."

Meredith not only shines as a novelist, but has earned some fame as a poet. He has written a volume entitled, "Modern Love," besides other poems. Swinburne, in speaking of one of the sonnets included in "Modern Love," said that a more perfect piece of writing had not been produced by any man alive. At this time not only Tennyson but Browning was living, and the compliment therefore was no small one. He is a poet, moreover, in his novels. Some of his descriptions of natural scenery are of marvelous beauty; and he frequently expresses himself after the fashion of poets, though chiefly resembling those of the obscure type. Perhaps he is more like Browning than any other writer, and the same reasons which so long kept Browning in "distinguished unpopularity," have also prevented Meredith from being read and becoming known.

Though Meredith's novels are resplendent throughout with genius of the highest order, there are great imperfections in his writings. These, his most ardent admirers, must admit, and to the uninitiated they are very naturally a stumbling-block. He never hesitates to express himself freely for fear of shocking his readers, and in Richard Feverel, especially, there are many passages which one would hardly care to read aloud. Besides, there are frequent passages which leave an unpleasant impression, for it is too apparent that by means of them the author has tried to produce a great effect and failed. Meredith does not succeed in causing his characters to express themselves in their intercourse with each other, as do people in real life. This might very justly be criticised, for improvement in this direction has been looked for more than any one thing in the development of novel writing. And yet after reading such conversations as are to be found in Howells and other writers of the same school, something less realistic might perhaps be found agreeable. It must be conceded that the ordinary interchange of words which takes place in every day life would be rather flat on paper, and we can pardon Meredith, therefore, for making his characters talk as if they were endowed with unusual intellectual powers. This peculiarity in his conversations renders them all the more attractive to those who are in search of ideas, and they prove to be very satisfying to the intellect if not to the artistic sense.

Although Meredith is so effective in stirring up the human passions from the depths, one does not judge him to be a man of a warm, genial nature. There is a chill in the atmosphere of his writings which seems to come from the author direct, and which makes one feel that he has lived in his own little world, and in his books, rather than in contact and sympathy with warm human hearts. The fact that his life is so little known, seems to indicate that he lives as a recluse.

It is not apparent, in reading Meredith's novels, that they are written with any especial purpose, yet they might, in a way, be very helpful to society. The author forces us to penetrate the outside barrier which is presented to the world, and to test the real worth of people—though not, however, in the cynical manner of Thackeray. He is broader and more just in his analysis. He equalizes things. He finds good in those whom the world condemns, and exposes the weaknesses of those who are virtuous in the eyes of society. He shows the many sides of human nature; how the most inconsistent qualities may be combined in the same person, a sort of research whose aim may well be to make us more charitable.

What the average reader desires in a novel, is something to take him out of himself, simply to entertain him. He does not care for this psychological dissection. But let him once get thoroughly into the spirit of Meredith's novels and the books with the relentless villain, the angelic, insipid heroine, and the hero who requires no description, because he is the usual idealized man, familiar to novels, cease to charm and soon loses all power to interest.

EMILY I. BOARDMAN.

Marblehead, Mass.

A Mere Man.

A mere man! Look at them any way you will, the words are mutually inconvertible and repellent particles. Oil and water mix more easily. Cold and heat are less opposed. Darkness and light are more agreed. Good and evil do not so contend with one another in the womb of time. Whether we take the average, generic man in the scope of his physical immensity, and the range of his intellectual faculties, and the sweep of his affections, and the contrasting heights and depths of his moral nature, his struggle with temptation, his triumph over sin—these things alone or, in addition, as we rightly may, the exceptional splendor of the world's greatest and most gifted souls, it does not matter much. The word "mere" has so little coherency with the first order of ideas, it is so utterly incongruous and absurd, applied to them, that hardly can it be more so when the vision and report are extended to all those whose names, in science or in art, in literature or religion, in government or reform, have shed the brightest lustre on the fame and fortune of mankind. Once let a man appreciate the dignity and glory of humanity as they are revealed by history and science, by philosophy and art, by ethics and religion, and he will know that he could not show any great one, though it were him whom millions have identified with God, a more conspicuous dishonor than to exclude him from the glorious company of the weak and strong, the famous, and unfamed, the ignorant and wise, the evil and the good, who are necessary all to each, in the wholeness of a complete humanity. And he whose favorite name, self-chosen, was the "Son of Man," would be the last to wish or hope or dream of any glory for himself in which the humblest might not freely share.—*Rev. John W. Chadwick.*

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Church Door Pulpit.

Worship.

A Discourse Delivered at the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 28th, 1892, by Charles D. B. Mills.

PART I.

I invite you in your kind patience to hear me in a few plain, and as I hope simple, rational thoughts, on the nature and essential quality of *worship*. The word itself, our English word, is very old, going back into the Anglo-Saxon, *weordhscipe*; Old Saxon, and I know not what forms of earlier Teutonic speech, and what ancient dialects beyond. It might be traced back, I doubt if the data were at hand, as some day perhaps they will be, thousands of years among our remote ancestors in ages prehistoric, when they were dwelling in the clearings their rude axes made in the dark forests of Germany, or not yet arrived in Europe, on the steppes, or mountain slopes and highlands of Central Asia. The *thing* withal is older still. We can not indeed go back far enough into the dim period of unrecorded foretime to find that absent. In the valley of the Dordogne in France, are found relics left by men who were utter savages, separated from us probably by tens of thousands of years, men who had no metals, not even bronze or iron, living in most primitive conditions, and mayhap among the earliest on the planet. These relics, silent witnesses of a long-buried past, in comparison with which in time, all that we call ancient history shrinks to naught, attest the worship paid by those men to the world of the departed. They tell of funeral feasts, and the adoration they rendered to the presence and the mysteries that confronted them in view of the open grave. The cross, seen so frequently upon our church spires and on the altars and tombstones, was a religious symbol long before Christianity was born, or the Hebrew faith, even, had come into existence.

The fact is not only very *old*, running back to an almost inconceivable antiquity, but also a very *wide* one, co-extensive in its reach with the existence of the human race on this planet. It covers the earth to-day with its monuments and memorials. From all parts of the globe prayers are lifted toward the skies, or to earth, or air, or starry cope; from all lands, continents, isles, mid torrid heats and on arctic snows incense is sent to heaven.

We note a wide difference in the meaning put upon this word, or its equivalent, among different peoples and persons, difference in their recognition and expression of the fact it signifies. In the mind of all rude and barbaric races it is deemed to be invocation and oblation, frequently, we may say generally, in bloody and smoking sacrifices to a personal and very palpable deity, the approach to him by prayer and placatory offering. With the fondness for display, and glaring obtrusive pomp and show which belongs to the barbarian mind, the palace or temple of his deity is filled with the appointments of a coarse and gaudy splendor, and the devotee not infrequently writhes and tortures his body in a self-immolation, to please his capricious and wrathful god. To him there is no worship that is not of this type and style. There must be the invocation, the offering, quite generally a bloody sacrifice, otherwise there is nothing done in the direction of an acceptable divine service.

Schoolcraft describes the Maudans as dancing round the fire where the first kettleful of the green-corn is being burned, an offering to the Great Spirit before the feast begins. In my own neighborhood, the Onondaga Indians yearly celebrate the green-corn dance, which is essentially of the same type and quality. The natives of the Fiji Islands in the Pacific, offer up human victims to their gods, who are said to delight in such flesh. The invocations bear mark of the quality of the religion. Among the Osages, prayers were sent up at daybreak to Wohkonda, the Master of Life. The devotee howled his invocation in this wise: "Wohkonda, pity me, I am very poor; give me what I need; give me success against mine enemies, that I may be able to avenge the death of my friends. May I be able to take scalps, to take horses, etc." A Nootka Indian, preparing for war, prayed thus: "Great Quahootze, let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep, and kill a great many of him."

With the Jews, as seen in the Old Testament Scripture, the worship of Jehovah was very much of this type and character. There had been an advance. Polytheism, with its many and oft obscene gods had been left behind, and the declaration, I the Lord am one God, and the God of all gods, had been thundered and burned into the ears of the Hebrew people. There had been also amelioration, the qualities ascribed to their deity were in some respects more worthy more humane than were held to belong to the Molochs, and Bels, Anas and Heas of surrounding and cotemporaneous peoples. But the birthmarks derived from ancestry were upon the Jewish race, and their temple worship, with its costly and bloody rites, was a piece of court service paid to the grim, stern, jealous monarch, who was supposed specially to regard and to dwell with them. Dean Stanley in his work on the Jewish Church has brought vividly before us the scene presented at the temple; those courts at the entrance filled with the flocks of sheep and the droves of cattle crowded together, and waiting for the sacrificial slaughter to which they were chosen, the huge altar towering above the people, upon whose horns was sprinkled the blood of the victims, and on whose surface were placed the carcasses, to be offered in burnt-offering, "a sweet savor unto the Lord." On every day two lambs of the firstlings of the flocks were offered, one at morning, the other at evening; on each Sabbath two additional lambs, making for the year seven hundred and thirty lambs plus one hundred and four under that special requirement. Besides these there were blood sacrifices required, lambs, bullocks, rams and goats, more or less as the case might be, on the first day of every month, on each of the seven days of the feast of unleavened bread, on each of the eight days of the feast of tabernacles, on the day of the feast of trumpets, on the day of Pentecost, on the great day of Atonement, etc.; so that by the end of the year one thousand one hundred and three lambs had been offered in this way, one hundred and fourteen bullocks, forty rams and thirty-two goats. And all this blood of these many victims formed but a small portion of the whole that was poured forth in the sacred court. Far the largest part of the stream that was perpetually flowing was from the private offerings that were made upon the altar, in behalf of single individuals or families.

North American Indians sacrifice a white dog to the Great Spirit, to Manibozho, or whatever his name may be. The Zulus in South Africa burn incense together with the fat of the caul of the slaughtered beast, "to give the spirits of the people a sweet savor." The Hebrews burnt spices for the fragrance of the odor emitted, and placed in instances the fat of the animal slain upon the sacred fire, "to be a sacrifice of sweet savor unto the Lord." It needs eyes more penetrating than mine to read down to a substantial difference between the two types of worship, one "natural," the other "revealed"; one pagan, the other theistic, divine; one false, the other true. With whatever ameliorations there were in the Hebrew, the worship was as that of all other rude and barbaric races, external, sensuous, sanguinary. It rests in the same concept of deity, as that of other savage or half-civilized tribes; its expression in rite and observance is of the same characteristic feature and quality. Such in general is the type of worship, as it has prevailed, as it does prevail over the less illumined, and the less civilized parts of the globe.

To the Christian a different concept, in a degree, certainly, has come. He pays his adoration to one God, a spirit, and him a dweller in temples not made with hands. This God a *person*, an eye that looks at the *heart*. There has been a marked advance from the sanguinary monotheism of the Jew with its elaborate and cumbrous ritual, to the more benign personality, the compassionate, forgiving character that is the object of the Christian's worship.

But among the Christians themselves how wide a difference! I need not speak of the Catholic church, with which the bell, the book, the candle, the holy water, the wafer, the gorgeous vestments and the genuflexions, play so conspicuous, so vital a part. But in the Protestant world a wide variety both of belief and the forms under which it finds expression, prevails. Go into one church and you will see an elaborate and very extended ritual, readings, responses, prayers, chants, down-kneelings and uprisings without end, a surpliced priest, gowned choir boys, lighted candles, stained-glass memorial pictures therein, groined arches, the imposing nave; in fact everything that studied exhibition of impressive and awe-inspiring form can do to produce scenic and dramatic effect upon the worshiper. Such is the Churchman's method of showing regard for his monarch, and rendering accepted homage and service in his courts. Again you enter into a church, what he calls a meeting-house, of the Quaker; you will see a bareness, a severe and stern simplicity, almost repellant in its rigor, that seems hardly to provide for anything that will catch the eye or speak to the imagination at all. And in the appointments for worship there is such abstemiousness from form that the Quaker appears almost wholly to have suppressed all outer expression of the soul's adoration whatsoever. Surely there is seemingly a wide difference between the Quaker or the Friend, and the Churchman in this regard. And between one end and the other of this scale all the sects are ranged, each differing in some particular of their belief and its expression in religious service from the other, and all differing by a wider degree from the sects just named.

We saw of Judaism that it bears the type, the family features of the gross and sensuous paganism to which it was related, and from which indeed it sprang. So of Christianity we may rightly say that it bears the clear marks of the ancestral faith from which it was born. The concept of God had enlarged, but only within limits. To the Jew, Jehovah was the supreme monarch ruling over armies of angels and archangels, stern, inflexible, God of all gods, consenting to regard the Hebrew tribes with favor, and extend to them a special protection and prosperity, provided they should implicitly obey his sovereign will and observe the ritual of sacrifice and offering that he had enjoined. To the Christian believer, while there were features of tend- ness, of benignant gentleness a love in the divine character, whi the Jew in thought never attained, was Jehovah still that was God, t stern inflexible potentate, the sov eign absolute, who had consented be mollified and placated only by t immolation of his first begotten a most precious son, offered in expiati for the sins of man. The mercy, t pardon he dealt to his trembling cr tures was conditioned upon their me and unquestioning, nay, glad acce ance of this great sacrifice of blo innocence offered for guilt, the seco person in the sacred trinity slain exempt and save the sinner. T new dispensation came in to consu mate, crown and supersede the o the complex system of sacrifices w all fulfilled and abolished in this o stupendous offering—a sacrifice God to God.

The new corresponded to the o point for point the one answered the other. For the type now the an type, for the partial and the prov ional, now the final and comple For the synagogue, now the basilica church, for the circumcision, n baptism; for the paschal feast, or t passover, now the sacramental supp for the Levitical priesthood, the Chr tian priesthood, with its ranks a orders, corresponding in a degree its original; most of all, as alrea seen, for the temple sacrifices, di shadowy, partial, hints in intimati only of what was to come, the o great sacrifice on Calvary, the abu dant propitiation for the sins of t world. This is plainly the view tak in the New Testament. The writ of the epistle to the Hebrews argu at great length that the multitudino and generally bloody sacrifices und the law in the old dispensation, we fulfilled and also ended in the sac fice made in the person of Jesus cr cified. Christ was once offered, declares, to bear the sins of man Such has been the view in t churches of Christendom from th day to this. Quaker and churchma as also all the sects between, are ali in holding this as the great *articul* of a saving faith. In the month January, 1676, the monthly meeti of Quakers held at Haverhill, En land, disowned one Jeffery Bulloc for the fact that he contravened t doctrines of Friends in that he affirm that he expected "neither justific tion nor condemnation by that Chri that died at Jerusalem." The Ph adelphia Yearly Meeting some thir or more years ago, preparing a stat ment for publication that should s forth the doctrines held by their bod declare they own and believe in Jes Christ, "in whom we have pardon a redemption through his blood ev the remission of our sins."

From the declarations of faith ma by other sects I need not quot Well do I recall the verse of t hymn of Watts sung in my chil hood in the church in which I h my religious nurture:

> Not all the blood of beasts
> On Jewish altars slain,
> Could give the guilty conscience peac
> Or wash away the stain.
>
> But Christ, the Heavenly lamb,
> Takes all our sins away,
> A sacrifice of nobler name,
> And richer blood than they.

I stood but a few years ago, in t city in which I have my home, one a large congregation, gathere witness and to honor the laying corner-stone of the buildin should be inscribed with t "The Young Men's Christ ciation." One of the hymn for the occasion, and sung w by the numerous company v vocation to Jesus, in the cl of one of the stanzas of w addressed as "our sacrific

rely, said I with myself, in these sing years of the nineteenth century, and in one certainly of the nny spots in enlightened America, the midst of intelligent, thoughtful, cellent people as these incontestay are, we have the survival of this d belief, unmodified, unchanged.

So that we do not meet here, as beeen Christianity and the earlier iths, the wide distinction clear-cut d profound dividing worship into nuous on the one hand and spiritual the other, we had been led to hope d expect. As Judaism was a modied paganism, so Christianity was and ntinued an ameliorated but in sence real Judaism, and bore the aces clear of the pagan concept and bservance in which the Jewish faith nd worship stood. That concept eld strongly to personal and indiidualized deity, thoroughly anthroomorphic in its type. Jehovah, a onarch, ruling in a not distant and very limitary heaven, and after the anner of an oriental potentate very rbitrary in will, demanding as first nd supreme condition of looking ith any indulgence or clemency pon his creature, that there be the ffering of sacrificial blood. That lood must be of most precious quality, nust be from his first born and only begotten son. Among the Phœnians, a race akin to the Hebrew, the learest children were sacrificed to propitiate the angry gods, and for the early sacrifice only-begotten sons f their parents,—and those parents, f noble families—must be offered. Have we not a right to suspect, nay, to believe, that the view so widely held n the Christian world, and already expressed in the New Testament, that it must be God's only begotten hat could make the sufficient satisfaction, had its parentage from such source? At least there is such strong family likeness as indicates kinship and a related origin in the two beliefs, Christian on the one side and pagan on the other.

Note, as we pass, that the adherent, the devotee of each particular form of faith, believes his own the best, and also the absolute and final. He holds to that with wonderful tenacity, is ready to die to maintain it. He can see the faults in any one that has been left behind, but his own is pure and perfect. The Jew freely criticised and denounced that of the Gentile, believing it execrable idolatry, not conscious that his own was subject to condemnation on like grounds. The Christian looked back and down upon the Jew, and deemed him away far behind, enthralled in a triple chain of superstition and a juggle of effete and lifeless forms. Nothing of that kind could he see in himself. The Catholic pitied the pagan, denounced and hunted down his religion, unknowing that he was steeped and dyed in paganism himself. The Protestant regards the Catholic as the vassal of a gross and abject idolatry, degrading to the mind, and annihilating to the thought; he wonders how any one can stay in a thralldom like this. He does not perceive that idolatry builds and maintains a home much nearer to himself than is the Romish church, more subtle, potent, killing in effect, than could aught be that should come to him from imperial throne of pope, or august decree of solemn council. Each sect condemns its fellow, and wonders how any sensible Christian can stand wedded to such tenets, and slaved to such idle and absurd forms. no regards the dissenter, the churchman, or *vice versa*, the Methodist, the Presbyterian; so the Quaker, each and sundry of them all, deeming them to be far gone in formalism and dogmatism, and the emptiness of cant. A good hindsight in them all; they can see backward, but not forward, and not even inward; they know not themselves.

There is a fable in La Fontaine of the animals called into assembly by great Jove, in order that he might hear any suggestion that one or another might offer in regard to improvement of his own form or feature. As soon as gathered they began each to criticise the build of his fellow. Each deemed himself perfect, a paragon of grace and beauty. But he found in his fellow the uncouth, the defective or ugly in form, the ungraceful in action and movement without end. One was too large, another too small; one had too much tail, another too little, or no tail at all. Jove had to send them all back home again, he could get no wisdom from them.

Such folly (says the fabulist) liveth yet with human fools,
For others lynxes, for ourselves but moles.

By consequence of this conceit, and amazing tenacity in holding singly and alone to what a man has arrived at, and refusing to accept aught more, the advance has been slow. Christianity, as it was in the early centuries, very limitary and partial then, remained fixed for a thousand years and more; rather it retrograded, degenerated as time went on. Thought was stifled, the intellect suffered an eclipse, and I think it is Hallam who says that but two men of mark appeared in the history of the church in the period from the fifth century to the eleventh. Protestantism contemplated, attempted no advance. The utmost Luther sought was a return to primitive conditions, to Christianity as it was in the first century, and as it came freshly from the hands of Jesus and his apostles. Nay to this hour that is held in the churches to be the ideal of reform in religion, the final goal which alone merits the endeavor of man.

And coupled with this conceit which is so natural to the human mind, imagining its little Peddlington to be the universe, there comes a narrowness which is bitter, fiercely intolerant of all growth or progress. The one thing the dogmatist can not endure is the presence of any one with a new idea, one who has attained a larger vision, who has thought farther on the same lines, and commands a wider, richer horizon than his. As Emerson says, "Out of belief the devotee burns the believer.' All religious history attests this amply. The Jew denounced the Nazarene and his followers, the sanhedrim slew Jesus, and by repressive persecutions without end, attempted to stamp out the new faith. Orthodox Christianity, represented in the Romish hierarchy, persecuted and hunted down with fire and sword, with dungeon and rack, heretics, the very uprising of a free and enlarging thought, putting it under the brand of anathema; it set upon, and attempted to do to very death, Protestantism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, waging a war of thirty years continuous duration in the early half of the seventeenth, which reduced Germany to a desolation, and with its attendants and consequences, famine and pestilence swept away two-thirds of all the inhabitants of that unhappy land. Protestant sects renounced and pursued with their anathemas, and instruments of repression by imprisonment, or the gallows, or the stake, those of their own faith who betrayed tendency even to be more liberal and progressive than they. And to this hour there is the like conflict of the old and the new. Even in the liberal sects, the broader and more growing minds, are eyed askance or disowned by their own brethren in the faith. The orthodox Unitarian in the East has no complacency in his Western fellow member, who plants on ethical culture, and makes character the standard and ground of his fellowship in religion. The Hicksite Quaker, fresh from the experience of denunciation and disownment himself, can not approve or tolerate within his communion the heretical opinions, and the stern Protestant attitude in practical reform, of Progressive Friends. So hard is it to keep the worship fluid, the mind catholic and free.

Christianity attained as we saw to a higher ethical standard than the faiths that preceded it; it was in this respect nobler than Judaism; its Jehovah was more clement, humane, worthy of worship and of love than the Jewish Eli or Shaddai. It seemed a finality in the development of the spiritual nature of man. But it stood yet as older and ruder faiths had and did in the anthropomorphic concept of God; its deity was personal, individualized strongly, a monarch reigning in distant place above the solid firmament, and demanding still as the Hebrew Jehovah, as the Gentile Baal and Moloch, sacrifice of blood, to placate his angered mind. It was not there a finality. It was a faith that rested in a gross, an intensely pagan concept. The human intellect could not stand at that as the goal of its thought, taking such a deity as the worthy and supreme object of its worship. Plato says, "Unwilling is the mind deprived of truth." "Nature," says Bunsen, "has an aspiration towards man." Man, we may say, has an aspiration ever towards a higher and more. It was not enough that the mind had grown out of polytheism to monotheism; it must surmount the monotheistic idea so far as the personal and individualistic in that concept is concerned. Christianity was an advance, not a full liberation. It started the soul on the way, it did not conduct to the highest, the final goal. It blotted out the handwriting of ordinances, but not the ordinance of the vicarious satisfaction for sin. The Protestant Reformation, as already hinted, sought only to bring back the world again to the primitive Christianity, to trust implicitly, absolutely, in the Bible as the sole and infallible rule of faith and practice, and reliance for justification upon the merits of Jesus's death alone

A finality? No, there are no finalities in history. No man ever went so far that there was no farther. Astronomy is never completed. It goes on. There is no author and finisher of the faith here, not Copernicus, not Newton, not Herschel. Every day the domain is extended, and there are facts known about the heavens this hour that would have astonished, would have staggered the men and women of fifty years ago. Age after age men have wrought and wrestled with this great problem of deity, the thought that would most justly represent him to the mind, the type and quality of worship that would most fittingly hint the attitude, the adoration of the soul to that presence. Age after age, by slow degrees, has the race advanced, growing out of gross, crass polytheism which peopled the world, earth, air, sky, with manifold petty divinities, to be addressed and placated with obscene and savage rite, out of polytheism to monotheism, melting, resolving the many into one. The proof of that change that came to the Hebrews, we see in the language itself. The word in their Testament that signifies, and is translated God, is a plural noun; it once signified the gods. When the book of Genesis was written, it had ceased to denote the many, it stood for the one. Judaism brought some amelioration, but the concept it held of Jehovah, who was jealous, arbitrary in his will, irascible and often irate, and terrible in his wrath, was barbaric. Christianity brought farther amelioration. Still, all approach to the deity under the juster and more worthy view that it attained, was to be made through the medium of atoning blood. That piece of barbarism could not be purged from the thought, and the church has been built up and maintained for the eighteen and more centuries, on this *articulus* of saving faith as the chief corner-stone of its being.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Onoqua. By Frances C. Sparhawk. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 263 pp. Paper. Price 50 cts.

Already this story must be familiar to a good many readers, since it was first published as a serial in the *Congregationalist.* It deals with the Indian question and particularly with the success or failure after they return to their tribes, of those who have gone to the Industrial Schools for Indians, established by white men, of which schools there are several noble examples in our country. The *causes* for the frequent failure of these students to keep to the new ways, or help their people to them, are vividly given and should prove one more incentive to increased effort on the part of those who have the Indian question at heart; and may be briefly summed up as—the dishonesty of the Indian agents, the unprofitable lands to which Indians are being assigned, and the lack of work, which is the salvation of white man and Indian alike.

The fault of the book seems to be the fault shared by most stories written of the Indian—ascribing to him the same line and quality of thought which the white man has; or, in other words, making him speak and act from a white man's point of view, or interpretation of the situation. It is difficult for a writer to do otherwise, especially one who lives in the East; and in this case the author's introduction is written from Newton Centre, Mass. As a story, "Onoqua" is very interesting, and leads its readers to a clearer understanding and deeper personal sympathy with the truly much abused Indians whose cause can not have too much right attention.

The Price of the Ring. By Margaret Holmes Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

Is a pretty, ordinary story, interesting to a certain class of readers. The *motif* of the book is given in the motto upon the cover, "Should there be one code of morals for men and another for women." Maybe there should n't be, but the higher the civilization the greater the difference. As is usual in this kind of a story—where the bad woman must either die or become a nun—the (supposed) sinning woman dies, bitten by a mad-dog. Why it is always necessary to have this sort die is, I suppose, one of the secrets of the art. The author writes with facility, but devotes too many chapters to words which lead nowhere and are devoid of incident. But this is a book with a healthy tone and above the average.

Typical Tales from Shakespeare. Edited by Robert R. Raymond. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlburt.

This is one of many books of its kind, the object of which is most praiseworthy, to instruct the young mind in the beauties of Shakespeare. The volume is rendered very attractive in binding and with the numerous pleasing illustrations. The plays selected are A Midsummer's Night Dream, As You Like It and Julius Cæsar. The main thread of the story is told in prose by the editor, with liberal extracts judiciously selected from the dramas themselves. No pretense is made of critical scholarship in the various Shakesperean texts.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Mark Twain. By Will M. Clemens. San Francisco: The Clemens Pub. Co. Paper, 16mo, pp. 211 Price, 50 cts,

Lily Pearl, the Mistress of Rosedale. By Ida Glenwood, "The Blind Bard of Michigan." Chicago: Dibble Pub. Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 458. Price $1.25.

A Book of Prayer. By H W. Beecher New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 209. Price 75 cts.

The Land we Live in. Part I. By Charles F. King. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 227. Price, 50 cts.

Mansfield Park, 2 vols. By Jane Austen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Half Russia. 16mo. Price, $2.50.

Far From To-day, By Gertrude Hall. Boston. Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, pp, 291. Price $1.00:

Earnest Thoughts for Every Day. By the author of Thoughts for Many Hours. New York: T. Whitaker. Leatherette, square, 18mo, pp. 136. Price, 25 cents.

Notes from the Field.

Puyallup, Wash.—The program of the Ordination and Installation services of Rev. Walter C. Green, as pastor of the First Unitarian church, Sunday, July 31: Rev. Neopleon Hoogland offered the opening prayer, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur gave the sermon, Rev. Geo. H. Green the charge to the minister, Mr. Hoogand the right hand of fellowship, and Mr. Joseph Shippen an address. The following is the Bond of Union of the society:

I.—We whose names are here recorded unite as the First Unitarian Society of Puyallup.

II.—Our purpose is mutual growth in good works, progress in right living, and knowledge of truth and righteousness.

III.—We welcome to our fellowship without regard to creed or belief all who love the Truth and seek the Right.

Geneseo, Ill.—"The Unitarian Church building has been very much improved during the summer. New elaborate light green wall decorations, new carpet, electrical lights, and inside painting, give us now a very beautiful church. Some nine hundred dollars have been spent in improvements. The movement here is vigorous and hopeful. A branch of the King's Daughters, presided over by Mrs. B. Bland, is doing good work among the girls. Mr. Grumbine is spending his summer vacation at home. An art club for free hand drawing has been organized by the pastor, and this together with the work of the Unity Club and a Light Scieuce Club will take up his spare time during the coming year."

The Western Secretary.—Until September 1st, the address of Rev. F. L. Hosmer, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, will be Gloversville, New York; after that date he will be found at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

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It is a dainty little book, just the thing to have handy to read over and over in waiting moments, and ever the melody will grow upon the ear and quiet come to the heart.—*Woman's Tribune.*

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We have felt much gratification in the perusal of Mr. Bixby's argument. It is written in a highly commendable spirit and with a good general knowledge and appreciation of philosophic data and its rich suggestions will be found to be by no means one of its least important merits.—*New York Times.*

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hurs.—All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into hearts.

ri.—Every life is a profession of faith and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda.

at.—Sin would be only an evil for him who commits it, were it not a crime toward the weak, whom it corrupts.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

My Baby.

A squirming, wriggling, little thing
For whom I daily delve and sing.

A tiresome, tricksy, tiny sprite
Keeps me awake quite half the night.

A noisy, romping, roguish girl,
Who puts my thoughts all in a whirl.

A little windmill setting sail,
Always ready for a gale.

Darting, twirling round about,
See her arms and legs fly out.

A pet from whom I can not part,
She curls so close around my heart.

MAY R. HAYMES.

Not Lost.

I had been unavoidably busy away from home all day, and returned just in time for my Harold's good-night words, which go with the prayers and the kisses.

"Sister," and his face was very sober, "Miss Clemens was n't there to-day, and I heard a teacher say she'd lost her brother; I knew he was sick and now he's lost and I'm so sorry; I wish I could do something to help."

"I am sorry, too, dear. You can help by being the good boy you always try to be, and making things just as easy for your teacher as you can, when she comes back."

Next came the "God bless papa and sister and make Harold real good to-morrow and please let me help find Miss Clemens's brother for her."

It was to late to explain to the sleepy little fellow, but I saw that in his mind the thoughts of loss and death were not connected, so, with his seven-year-old chivalry, he felt that he might aid his much loved teacher. He had always been told that dying was only going to a better land, that the mother whom he could not remember, was waiting for him in one of God's many mansions, not "lost," just "gone before."

The next morning he was, as usual, blithe and happy, and I thought it best to do no explaining then.

When lunch time came and no Harold, time for afternoon school and no Harold, I grew thoroughly frightened. His father, our man, Dick, three neighbors and a policeman hunted half an hour for him, and at last his father brought him in, safe and sound.

"Why, sister, ever since after school I've been hunting for Miss Clemens' brother; I knew where he worked down town, and I tried to go there, and then I tried to find their house and I could n't find anything. I asked all the men if they had seen Mr. Henry Clemens, and they looked surprised and said they had n't; after a while, one of them said, 'My boy, you're asking for a man who's dead; he died two days ago,' and I'm so glad, because now he's all right and she knows where he is, but if he was just lost, it would be dreadful; only I wish, someway, I could let her know I'm very sorry he's gone away, because she'll miss him and she's coming back to-morrow."

I had n't the heart to blame him for the day's trouble, so I said, "You can let her know; I'll write a little note and tell her how we feel, and you may lay it with one of our big, pure lilies on her desk, in the morning."

The following noon he came home with a bright face. "She found the note and the lily, sister; she did n't say anything, but she kissed me, and I know she was glad they were there."

AUNT NINA.

Cinderella's Slippers.

"Do you know," said Edna, looking up suddenly from the book she was reading, "I really don't see how she could do it."

Bert, from his geography lesson, gave her an amazed stare. "Do what?" he asked, sharply.

"Wear them," answered Edna, vaguely. Then, catching the general expression of wonder, she explained hurriedly, "O! I forgot you did n't know what I was reading; it's Cinderella."

"Cinderella!" repeated her mother, with a smile. "We are still in the dark. What is it she could n't do?"

"Wear her slippers—glass slippers," said Edna, slowly. "She could n't, you know."

"Why not?" asked Dave, the youngest boy. "The book says so. Her feet were so small—I mean the slippers were so small that no feet but Cinderella's would fit them."

"I know that," said Edna, laughing; "but I don't believe Cinderella or any one else could dance in glass slippers, because they would break all to pieces."

"But they were fairy slippers, and could n't break," protested Dave.

"It's only a fairy story, anyhow," put in Marian, "and everything is possible to fairies."

"I should n't wonder," said Bert, with an air of superior wisdom (Bert was in the high school), "if they were malleable glass. We read of such material in ancient annals, and Cinderella's slippers may have been made of that."

Mr. Anniston had been listening to this discussion with interested attention, and now spoke for the first time: "Perhaps I can throw some light on this dark subject. Cinderella never did wear glass slippers."

"O papa!" cried Dave, "the book says so."

"I know it," admitted Mr. Anniston, "but that is a blunder of the translator. The delightful little story was originally French, and the French author says that Cinderella wore *pantoufles de vair*—that is, 'fur slippers,' which is quite natural."

"Then why did the English translator say 'glass'?" questioned Bert.

"Because he was careless. The French word for glass is *verre*, and its substitution for *vair* gave Cinderella the slippers which, however pretty, could not have been at all comfortable."

"Well, I declare!" cried Dave. And everybody else laughed.—*Grace Upton, in Golden Days.*

IN the familiar song, "Pull for the Shore," there is a line, "Cling to self no more," which, as sung by the colored children in one of the schools, sounded strange; and on having it said slowly, it was discovered that they were singing "Clean you self no more!"—*American Missionary.*

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Col Jacobson on the Succession Tax and Manual Training School.

An Ounce of Prevention: To Save America from Having a Government of the Few, by the Few and for the Few. By Augustus Jacobson. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Paper covers, 50 cents.

In "An Ounce of Prevention," Colonel Jacobson has given the remedy that commends itself to him for certain evil economic conditions and tendencies of to-day. The student of economics may differ with him as to the efficacy of the suggested remedy, but he will rejoice that the book has been written. If one characteristic more than another marks the book, it is its conservatism, yet the author finds himself compelled to acknowledge things that are the more startling because they are moderately stated and conceded with evidently genuine regret. We need more such writers on these burning topics. At the outset Colonel Jacobson says:

"The problem of problems in all ages has been the one which is beginning to press upon us now, and that is: How to prevent the few from getting all there is on the earth; how to keep the rich from getting richer and the poor from getting poorer; how to secure a fair distribution of property and the comforts and conveniences of life for all men and women."

The author notes that "Everbody wants to settle the labor question, but nobody is willing to sacrifice anything to settle it;" and then, insisting that this settlement must in some way be paid for, he says:

"In the way of disturbance of business, the labor question has already cost this country hundreds of millions of dollars; and the agitation has hardly yet begun. There are now a million of men in the ranks of the Knights of Labor, with perhaps as many more enrolled in other labor organizations, with perpetual strikes and attendant lawlessness. Strikes and lawlessness cost money, not only to the strikers and the lawless, but to the general community. There is rarely a month now when the militia is not in active service. In the month of May, 1886, there were two hundred militia companies in the course of formation in the State of Illinois; twenty regiments of a thousand men each,—twenty thousand men; as large an army as the Lieutenant-General of the United States commands. Pinkerton's private army now numbers thousands of soldiers; and the large coal corporations maintain a private army of their own. The Pinkerton army and the corporation army could probably upon any given day muster a greater number of effective men in New York, Pittsburg, or Chicago, than the army of the United States. The agitation for the increase of the regular army is perpetual. In the midst of profound peace, the merchants of Chicago have raised several hundred thousand dollars to donate to the United States a tract of land in order to secure the location in Chicago of a military post; and the merchants have contributed this money solely from fear of lawlessness."

The events of the last two weeks in Pennsylvania and Idaho emphasize the importance of the point here made by Colonel Jacobson, as to the cost, and the increasing cost, of letting these questions drift unsettled.

The author has a keen insight into the conditions of labor that are driving men, women and children into industrial slavery, release from which he declares to be another irrepressible conflict. He says:

"When I speak of the man who labors with his hands, I mean not only the man who in city or country works for wages, but likewise the farmer who works for himself. The man who works with his hands sells by the quantity and at the lowest price all he produces. Whatever he has to buy he buys at the highest retail price. In the game of life the cards are stacked against the man who labors with his hands." * * *

"In by far the greater number of pursuits, the men and women who work with their hands risk their health and their lives with their every breath. And no matter how soon they sicken and die, others stand willing and anxious to take their places. The very chance to work is a boon. Among laboring people vice and crime are bred of want and children are born destined inevitably for the brothel and the penitentiary. And the increase of wealth goes not to the man who works with his hands, but the man who works with his head. The increase of wealth goes not to the worker, but to the schemer."

No indictment of our present industrial system can state the wicked truth more plainly than this, and the introduction to the book is full of such home truths. Indeed, it is the despair of the reviewer that it can not be quoted. To pass on to Colonel Jacobson's remedy: It is "The Succession Tax," and the application of the revenues therefrom to the maintenance of manual training schools, in which all children should be kept for eight years, from the child's twelfth to its twentieth year.

He would have the manual training school made a part of the public school system all over the country, as it now is in Chicago, Toledo and some other cities; have it made serviceable for both sexes; and have parents and guardians compensated for keeping the children in school after they have reached the age at which, under pressure, they are now set to work.

The difficulties to be overcome in the establishment of this fundamental change in our educational methods and in securing the revenue therefor, are stated by Colonel Jacobson with clearness and fairness, and are, we think, fully met by his suggested plans for establishing both his tax and the schools.

For us the only question before indorsing this question would be, is it to any degree a preventive of the oncoming cataclysm which all but fools foresee? We are compelled to answer that we do not believe it is.

Here is the premise from which the author argues:

"The first step towards a remedy for the poor condition of the world's hand-workers lies in training their brains together with their hands, and letting the product of their labor be the product both of skilled hands and of trained brains. The first step lies in increasing the earning capacity of the individual."

If this were true, all that Colonel Jacobson argues for could be conceded. The direct opposite is, we apprehend, the basic evil on which our economic system is now toppling, the truth being that men of "skilled hands and trained brains" are the ones no longer wanted or needed in the work world. Machinery takes the place of skill, and the less brain the machine tender has the more suitable he is for the only kind of work the close of our century offers men to do.

We are surprised that one who see so clearly how things are, is so blind as to what has brought these things about, but that Colonel Jacobson is so blinded we must insist. "The earning capacity of the individual" is now wholly out of proportion to his ability to find use for that capacity, and brains and skill are daily discounted on the labor market by competitors whose recommendation is that they eat less, wear less and want less than will satisfy their better born, bred and trained brothers and sisters in toil.

Let every child of America be educated as Colonel Jacobson would provide (and a glorious thing it would be under decent living chances); turn these qualified workers out eight years hence, with their trained brains and skilled hands, with their high ideals of what toil and its compensation should be, and what would you see?

You would see employers following still their devil-accursed methods of business, turn their backs in derision on these workers of whom the country might be proud, and in whose care it would be safe, and give every job they had to contract laborers of their own importation, brought hither expressly to further demoralize and degrade labor and the laborer.

The writer of this review believes in the succession tax and the manual training school system as ardently as does Colonel Jacobson, but must insist that preceding these must come other and radical changes for which neither our law-makers nor our people are ready.

The outlook is not encouraging. The best thing to be said, and it is a thing to be devoutly thankful for, is that more and more such men as the author of "An Ounce of Prevention" are coming to devote themselves to the study of the great problem with which this work deals. "In a multitude of counselors there is safety," and the way out for this nation will yet be found if all the good men and women who desire it will seek it.

We heartily recommend "An Ounce of Prevention" to our readers. They may not agree with its conclusions, but they can not fail to receive new thought and incentive from its perusal.—*Mrs. A. P. Stevens, in "The Vanguard."*

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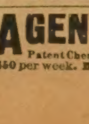

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